

CELLULOID SALUTATIONS

(AN OXYMORONIC ODE TO LESLIE SCALAPINO)

OR: A POEM FOR THE EMPTINESS IN ANIMAL'S BELLY

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by Elizabeth Block

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Make Haste, Slowly

After night

night, winter and summer storms of torment, the like-arrow stillness of weather fine, their court, without, held interference. Had (listening there any been to listen one), the, from rooms upper empty, the only house chaos gigantic lighting streaked with have, could, heard, been tossing and tumbling: the wind as the waves themselves disported, amorphous,

like the bulks whose leviathans are brows pierced by light no reason of; mounted and on one another top and plunged, lunged darkness in the daylight or (night for day and, month year and shapelessly together ran) in games idiot, it, until seemed if as universe—the battling—were tumbling confusion, in brute want and lust

itself aimlessly by.

The shadows,

only of trees. The flourishing wind in obeisance made the wall, on, for, and darkened moment in the pool, which reflected and suspected light itself. Birds, or flying a made spot soft, slowly flutter, across floor bedroom of night dreams fumbling— mumble of what—left their heads across the way.

To the going, light, what but does one send?

Alone, green-gray, faltering the house, light the wall on opposite. The places empty. Were such parts of the somehow, fan.

But them together, bring.

She wants to whirl

out of nowhere

she gets up, it is dark.

The buzzing of the little head she thought she knew,
she thought maybe it was another day not to begin, but to sing,
she wanted it out of her mouth, the taste waiting into the, who is it that calls her

perhaps nobody can tell you about the dizzy dance; she moves through layers of noise, what kind of noise, we don't know yet, the person bad that her took away is not now dead, but in her head, she tells that one is out of sight,

now mind out of
too.

It-was-it tentative, gradual, one as goes a shelving down beach sea into deepening, with and knowledge lying dangers of—that path? For the lozenges, often-times pulmonary relief, efficacy on affectations, opium within contained, disavowing clamorously an alliance, suspicious.

Back to the ultraviolet burst, the lighthouse retrieved, centrifuge
a tittle.

(Not present, no)

It-was-it tentative, gradual, one as goes a shelving down beach sea into deepening, with and knowledge lying dangers of—that path? For the lozenges, oftentimes pulmonary relief, efficacy on affectations, opium within contained, disavowing clamorously an

alliance, suspicious.

Procrastination dreadful.

Mad, idiosyncratic in ways, they go. Lurching, and through cloudbanks, high flying and ether.
But inconstant colors ravishing.
Aspiration—fitful, fragmented—funny. Respiration. Ice across crystal fields.

Moon me to the fly.

Moon pallid,
wheel.

Moon pallid,
wheel.

Animal Animal Animal
Forgive me
You came at me, staggering,

Projective, wailing attack

My breasts aflame
Sucking
Pumping
Sucking
Pumping my way out of this

The tear of *this is my birth story* what is yours?

I mean, I cannot pump my way out of this
And time has passed
Animal

Not just now, forever, and yesterday, and tomorrow
This *is* my birth story
Not the placenta I dragged behind

Moon me to the fly.

II: Like Automatic

Seeing Automatic (like Automatic Writing)

1.

Sounds inarticulate
recognizable without
uttered vigorously meaning rigorous
vociferation as discern
objectively ecstatic or
Tongues
in speaking; the utterance-when feeble
perception
subjective noise
“confused”
voices many same time of talking
same made up

Automatic in action, the, of, apparatus-seeing muscular.

2.

The hand same the sentence or word again and over over (writing-mirror, seeing, etc.,
anagrams).

Perception subjective again: sentence the same or over-heard, e.g.,

“eat, do not”

or strange words, non-dictionariable words: grak-lolch, rorrim.

3.

Perception again

subjective

“strange” voices I’m hearing

you hear

“made are thoughts up for me” (develops this case out of sometimes former the)

perception

objective/not

prophecy sonambulate

Often long the write hands, complicated, the to consciousness, sublime
belonging.

4.

: perception, the subject:

thinking double audible thinking

attacks of chattering chit chat

spasms-mime-y

coordinated

The write hands consciously what the thinking is person, but person the not does
intention write the influence.

5.

voices directed, pleasure

Writes the hand (automatically), the train conscious of thought, the of, part on the
communication influences place where the:

Instinct
Never waiting to see
A fancy neighborhood
Dog
Mean

Mauls a 13 year old girl
My 1 year-old
A witness

Trapped in the car

She never forgets the past

Gone:

Are we not?